

CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

PUBLISHED BY PHILEMON CANFIELD, UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE CONNECTICUT BAPTIST CONVENTION.

"WHAT THOU SEEST, WRITE—AND SEND UNTO THE—CHURCHES."

VOLUME XIII. No. 28.

HARTFORD, SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1834.

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PUBLISHED BY PHILEMON CANFIELD

HARTFORD, CONN.

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF A COMMITTEE OF THE
CHRISTIAN SECRETARY ASSOCIATION.

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MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

INTERESTING NEWS FROM BURMAH.

MRI. KINCAID'S JOURNAL.

The King's opinion of Mr. Judson.

Sept. 2. Visited the Governor of the north gate of the palace this evening. I have been at his house, and had some acquaintance with him before; but this evening he talked much about Mr. and Mrs. Judson, showed me the books they gave him, and the room they occupied after being released from prison. Some time ago, he told me the King had inquired where Mr. Judson was, and when told that he was in Maulmain, he said, "Why does he not come here? He is a good man, and would, if he was here, teach and discipline my ministers, and make better men of them?" I am quite convinced that when br. Judson was requested to leave Prome, it was just a trick of two or three of the ministers, and that the king knew nothing about it. After I had been in Ava 15 or 20 days, one of the *Woon-ges* delivered me a pretended order from the king, that I was to preach no more to the people, and give no more books, I went home oppressed, not knowing what course to pursue; and while reflecting on what course I ought to pursue, a number of Burmans came in, asked for books and said they wished to hear about God. I gave them books, and while in conversation with them, I felt it my duty to go on in the work, and leave the result to Him, whose cause I had come to advocate.

The next day an *At-wen-woon* declared it was no order from the king. Now the *Woon-ges* denies having delivered that message as the order of the king. He says it was only his personal advice. I have acted openly from the first, in order to ascertain the designs of government towards the mission. I have repeatedly told government men that our duty was to turn all men from idols, to worship the living God. So far I feel that God has prospered our way, and bids us to be of good courage.

Encouragements.

7. On Monday morning, I despatched Ko Shoen and Ko San-lone for Ummerapora. They returned in the evening, full of hope that god is to be done in that city. Great numbers listened, and they were not molested by government men. One man who took them into his house, and listened all the time, has followed them to Ava to get more books.

I think of putting up a small zayat in that city, so that we may have preaching there 2 or 3 days in a week. We have had a good attendance in the verandah through the week, but nothing particularly new has occurred.

9. Two young men, from a district a little to the west of *Toung Oo*, called early this morning to get a few books. Their father had got the *View*, in Rangoon; several of the neighbors had copied it upon palm leaf; the head man of a Karen village, who could read Burman, procured a copy, and the villagers frequently assembled to hear it read. I gave them four tracts and an exhortation to worship God who made heaven and earth.

The Governor of the palace.

21. Having been repeatedly invited, I called this evening on the *Meen Woon* (Governor of the king's house). He said he was an old man, and I was a young man, nevertheless he wished to listen to what I had to say in favor of a new religion. I said, in the first place, we must all acknowledge that there is a true God, and that there is a true religion—that there are other gods, and all other religions are false.

He said, "Yes, this is true, and if all nations were right, who would worship the same God, and walk in the same law; but it is evening, and we cannot reason much to-night; you must come early, take tea with me, and we will look attentively into this subject. Give me your book to read, and I will give you any of the Burman books you wish." Very well, I said, before long I will call, and let us see, after true light, else we cannot know God.—The old man and his lady had much to say about Mr. and Mrs. Judson, called them their relatives, and spoke very feelingly of their suffering during the war.

22. Prince *Me-ha-ru* sent his principal secretary for a couple of books. After receiving them, the secretary begged a book for himself, at the same time saying, "I do not believe in idols; I believe in God who made all things."

23. One of the king's doctors and his lady called about noon, and staid till near evening. The Dr. said he was permitted to approach the golden feet, and the golden eye had mercifully looked upon him. After exhausting himself in eulogizing the King, Queen, and all the members of the royal family, I gave him Sir John's Epistles to read. After reading about an hour, he said, "This is wonderful. Have any Burmans become disciples?" Yes. "How many?" It is impossible to say, they are scattered in different parts of the country, and the number is increasing every year. "How weep I for you. How do you live here; does the king give you rice and clothes?" No; my friends in America, who love God, and desire the Burmans to be saved from hell, give me my rice and clothes, that I may stay here and preach to the people.

Request for Baptism.

27. Mah Nwa Oo, wife of Ko Thila, has asked for baptism. She is about 40 years of age, of a mild and gentle disposition, and a person of good natural parts. She says—"I know it is the true religion, because it takes away my pride, and makes me feel like a little child."

The man mentioned on the 14th has come forward and asked for baptism, but he wishes to be baptized in the night. I said, are you afraid to advocate the cause of Christ? "No, I am not afraid; but my family is afraid."

October 1. The man mentioned on the 27th, called, accompanied by his wife. This is the second female that has come expressly for the purpose of hearing the gospel. We hope the gospel may find its way to her heart.

13. Lord's day. After a short discourse, we examined Mah Nwa Oo. When asked why she wished to be baptized, she said, it was the appointed road for those who worshipped God. I asked her if she had found the way of life: she said, "Yes, Christ on the cross opened the way of life."

We immediately repaired to the Irrawaddy, knelt down upon its shore, and lifted up our hearts in thanksgiving to Almighty God for the tokens of his divine favor. Mah Nwa Oo was then buried beneath the wave, in obedience to her Saviour's will.

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For the Christian Secretary.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF
A CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

EDITED BY A JUNIOR OFFICER.

CHAPTER VI.

NEXT morning, the regiment to which I belonged received an express from the commanding officer, to march immediately and directly to the Heavenly Jerusalem, "because," it was added, "the time is short." We therefore equipped ourselves for our journey, and set out without delay, all in good health and spirits. We took the road which our Commander had marked out for us, in which he himself had formerly trod to glory, and of which he was kind enough to supply each of us with a chart. Nothing occurred worth mentioning, for several days. We met with no interruption, except from a few irregular and trifling attacks, from small, straggling parties of the enemy.

One evening, when it was my turn to mount guard, the following incident occurred. The night was cold and dark, the wind high, and the whole appearance of things, gloomy and comfortless; and I was fain to walk about, to keep myself in heat and spirits. About the second watch, I perceived some one approaching, more by the sound of his feet, than any thing else, for the night had become increasingly dark. I immediately called out, "Who's there?" at the same time, grasping my sword firmly in my hand. A low, and somewhat timid voice replied, "A friend and brother." "What is your name?" I rejoined. "Liberality," was the reply, readily given. I afterwards found out that this was a counterfeiter, and that his true name was Hypocrisy. I then demanded the watchword, which he gave me without hesitation. Being satisfied that all was right, I permitted him to advance, on which he told me that he had a little secret business to execute for the commanding officer, who had desired him to ask my assistance in it. He also presented me with some warm cordial, which he had brought in his hand, of which I drank a little, and almost immediately began to feel myself somewhat giddy and stupid. But this I attributed to the night air. After this, I was foolish enough to leave my post, thinking it proper to do so on account of the desire of the commander. We walked to a considerable distance, when I began to get quite fatigued and exhausted. I was encouraged, however, to proceed a little farther, by my pretended friend, who pointed out a light, at some distance, marking the place of our destination. But before we could reach the place, a number of men rushed out of a thicket behind us, knocked me to the ground at once, stripped me of my arms, and bound me hand and foot. During this, my companion had scampered off, I knew not whether. The men then put me into a vehicle, which they drove at a furious rate, to a considerable distance, after which, they carried me into a large, dark looking mansion, standing alone in the midst of an extensive forest, and shut me up in a loathsome dungeon. Here I lay all night, bemoaning my sad condition, and shedding bitter tears of repentance for my folly and guilt. In the morning, I looked around my cell, and found the following words written on the wall, no doubt by some former unhappy occupant: "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of sin and death?" I then concluded I had got into the *prison of Unbelief*. As the day advanced, the jailor made his appearance, the most ill-favored and ferocious looking fellow that I had ever seen, whose name, as I afterwards learned, was *Temptation*. He held in his hand a bowl, filled with deadly poison, called *Apostasy*, which he earnestly pressed me to drink, telling me at the same time, that I should never be delivered from that dungeon. "Nay, more," said he, "various excruciating tortures are preparing for you, and therefore you may as well put an end to your misery at once." This I stoutly refused, determined rather to perish, or to suffer the extremity of torment, than to do so. He then put down the bowl and left me for a time, telling me as he went, that bye and bye he would make me glad enough to drink it. 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CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

By Mr. Copeland, I am content to take as proof the positive and unqualified declarations of the learned authors already quoted." In this avowal I do not feel at all slighted, but I do wish that he would descend to examine the Bible more, and "learned authors" less on this subject.

The argument used by this writer that "those passages which serve to show that the other days of the week commenced at the time given, also prove that the Sabbath commenced then," is conclusive; and is such as I have every where used. Some of the passages of Scripture which lead me to suppose that the Jews did not begin their days at sunset are the following. Lev. 23, 27, "Also on the tenth day of this seventh month there shall be a day of atonement," 32d verse, "In the ninth day of the month at even, from even unto even, shall ye celebrate your Sabbath." Although this day of atonement is called "your Sabbath" in the 32d verse, yet it had no more connection with the weekly Sabbath, than it had with the law of purification. Now if the tenth day was the one set apart, and the service was to commence on the ninth day at even, I ask if the ninth day began at evening? If so, I suppose the tenth day began also at evening. And if it did, then this service which was to be held on the tenth day must have begun 24 hours before the tenth day began, and run through the whole of the ninth day. Will any one pretend that this was the case? But if the ninth day closed with the evening, and the tenth day began in the morning, then the service commenced a few hours previous to the beginning of the day, which is a very natural conclusion, and wonder what "Beta" meant when he says in his first communication, "In Lev. 28, 32, we have a passage expressly to our purpose?"

If he meant to overthrow his own argument, and had taken the whole passage, he could not have found a better one in the Bible. But did he expect to sustain his cause by it, and to delude his readers by a mere play upon words? Can any man *understandingly and honestly* apply the passage "from even unto even, shall ye celebrate your Sabbath," to the *weekly Sabbath*? and then attempt to prove from the same passage that that day began at evening, and was a *natural day*, when two days are distinctly named as connected with the service?

If "from even unto even," means from the evening of the ninth to the evening of the tenth, (which I never yet heard any question) and each day began with the evening, then the ninth day was the day of atonement, and not the tenth.

As to the charge which this writer brings against me of "narrowing down the question, for the purpose of making a sweeping declaration," I will only say, that I believe the duty of casting the first stone at me for this sin, will never devolve on him.

Another passage will be found in Neh. xiii, 19, "And it came to pass, that when the gates of Jerusalem began to be shut before the Sabbath, I commanded that the gates should be shut, and charged that they should not be opened till after the Sabbath." How conclusively does this passage prove that the Sabbath did not begin at sunset? for Nehemiah ordered the gates to be shut as they began to be dark, and yet he says that it was *before* the Sabbath. Could the day have commenced then at sunset?

We find in John xx, 1, the following: "The first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene early, when it was yet dark unto the sepulchre." Why did not Mary and her companion come to the sepulchre after sunset the evening before, if the Jewish Sabbath had closed? If they had gone immediately after sunset they would have had the aid of daylight. Will it be said that they chose to avoid daylight; when then did they not go after daylight the evening before? The answer is given in the Bible, "They rested the Sabbath day according to the commandment;" and as that lasted till midnight, they could not go till that hour had past.

Matthew says, "In the end of the Sabbath, as it began to dawn towards the first day of the week, came Mary," &c.

Mark says, "When the Sabbath was past," they went, as nothing else could have kept them away. All these things can be remembered took place on the morning of the first day of the week. Now just look at John xx, 19, "Then the same day at evening, being (the same) first day of the week, when the doors were shut," &c. Whatever may be said of other days, or of the practice of the Jews generally, here was a day which certainly began with a morning, and ended with an evening, if the testimony of the Bible may be taken as evidence in the case.

Many other passages equally in point might be adduced if necessary; and were it not for extending this article to an unreasonable length, I should introduce them here. But surely those presented must be sufficient to satisfy the mind of every unbiased inquirer after truth.

As to my "hasty assumptions and crude reasonings," I have nothing to answer. But here is an amount of evidence, drawn from the unerring standard of truth, which to my own mind is overwhelming. And as a moral agent and an honest man, I feel bound to yield to it.

I now challenge "Beta" to present me with a single passage from the Bible to contradict, or even to obscure the interpretation I have given to these passages. I do not make an assertion as this writer did to "Delta," and then call on him to disprove it, (which by the way is not a very generous mode of conducting a controversy) but I have given him the *reasons* for my belief, and leave him to combat the proof, not the theory.

I will not take my leave of "Beta," without expressing the hope, that in searching after truth we may both be guided in the path of duty, and finally meet in that world.

"Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er shall end."

MELVIN COPELAND.

For the Christian Secretary.

Mr. Editor, I noticed a query in your paper copied from the New York Observer, in the month of April, to the following effect, viz. How came it to pass that three thousand were converted on the day of Pentecost? The writer replies that the truth as it is in Jesus was preached, and the power of God accompanied and made the truth effectual. Undoubtedly the truth was preached, and the power of God accompanied it and made it effectual to the salvation of many souls. But sir, for the writer of the above query to affirm, or even to imply that there were three thousand converted on that day is more than is declared in the word of God. Having often heard this declaration made both by clergymen and laymen, and believing, also, that it has no foundation in scripture to support it (as any one may easily see if he will take pains to examine the passage alluded to) is it not high time that those who declare this to be the fact on the mere assertion of others, should be called to examine the evidence on which they rest their belief, and be led in the right path if possible? That such as are in the habit of making these broad declaimers without examination, may be more guarded in their language concerning sacred history, and that they be led to a true understanding of the passage, is the design of the following communication.

There are some things taken for granted by all, without examining into the evidence in the case.—They are received on the mere assertion of others,

Doubtless this method of admitting things as true will do in some instances, but not in all. When, for instance, nothing of any considerable importance is concerned, it may be admissible for persons to take such and such things to be true without examining into them particularly. But even then we apprehend it would be better to examine into the circumstances of the case before we admit them; since there is a possibility of our being deceived.

And as such I have every where used. Some of the passages of Scripture which lead me to suppose that the Jews did not begin their days at sunset are the following. Lev. 23, 27, "Also on the tenth day of this seventh month there shall be a day of atonement," 32d verse, "In the ninth day of the month at even, from even unto even, shall ye celebrate your Sabbath." Although this day of atonement is called "your Sabbath" in the 32d verse, yet it had no more connection with the weekly Sabbath, than it had with the law of purification. Now if the tenth day was the one set apart, and the service was to commence on the ninth day at even, I ask if the ninth day began at evening? If so, I suppose the tenth day began also at evening. And if it did, then this service which was to be held on the tenth day must have begun 24 hours before the tenth day began, and run through the whole of the ninth day. Will any one pretend that this was the case? But if the ninth day closed with the evening, and the tenth day began in the morning, then the service commenced a few hours previous to the beginning of the day, which is a very natural conclusion, and wonder what "Beta" meant when he says in his first communication, "In Lev. 28, 32, we have a passage expressly to our purpose?"

If he meant to overthrow his own argument, and had taken the whole passage, he could not have found a better one in the Bible. But did he expect to sustain his cause by it, and to delude his readers by a mere play upon words? Can any man *understandingly and honestly* apply the passage "from even unto even, shall ye celebrate your Sabbath," to the *weekly Sabbath*? and then attempt to prove from the same passage that that day began at evening, and was a *natural day*, when two days are distinctly named as connected with the service?

If "from even unto even," means from the evening of the ninth to the evening of the tenth, (which I never yet heard any question) and each day began with the evening, then the ninth day was the day of atonement, and not the tenth.

Jean de H—

For the Secretary.

An *Essay on the state of the dead from death to the resurrection, read before the Ministerial Conference of the Ashford Association.*

[CONTINUED.]

The proof of the soul existing in a separate state is the easiest part of our subject. With regard to many of the peculiarities of that state, we must rest contented until instructed by experience, which alone can render us proficient. Whatever theories the angels may have conceived of an incarnate state, it is reasonable to suppose that they can never understand the peculiarities of the union of mind and matter as do the human species, and vice versa. And the more confidence we have in God, grounded as it should be upon the holiness and perfection of his nature, the more cheerfully shall we refer such matters to his wisdom and benevolence, grasping vigorously as it is our privilege to do, the promise that no good thing will be withheld from those who walk uprightly. Although the scriptures afford but scanty materials for a specific exhibition of the condition and employments of that state, yet it may not be presuming too much to notice some things resulting from the general tenor of truth, and discoverable by common sense. It is rational to suppose then, that the unextinguishable life of righteousness in the soul, must, in order to flourish, receive an aliment adapted to its nature. What can this food of the soul be then, but the religious knowledge which the Christian acquires on earth from the word of God? It is true that the knowledge of creation in its vegetative, mineral, animal and intellectual productions, providence, the stellar system, with every other modification of the attributes of God which the soul may be permitted to explore, as they display the perfections of Jehovah, will become its delightful food. But as the scheme of redemption by the Son of God lays the foundation of all present enjoyment and future prospects of the soul, and without which it would be forever ineligible to eternal life, and especially as it has recently left a world of sin and woe, still in a progressive state to its consummated bliss, and but prospectively confirmed, so unquestionably, the plan of salvation by Jesus Christ will be viewed, as is the fact, involving the deepest interest of the soul, and to which mighty river, all other inferior sources of delight will be but tributary streams. "Thou hast magnified thy word above all thy name." Mrs. Judson said that after she had escaped from the dominion and persecuting power of the Burmans, and found herself under the protecting power of the British government, there was for several days but one single delightful idea before her mind, viz. that she was free from the persecuting power. So it is rational to suppose, that as the knowledge of salvation by Jesus Christ will be more distinctly and vividly imprinted on the mind, beyond what we present we can form any conception, and that salvation realized, there may be but one distinct idea, that will stand out prominently through out that state, which delightful thought will be "Saved from hell by Jesus Christ! Saved from hell, and brought to heaven by Jesus Christ!"

Hitherto we have had the word of God and the general principles of truth for our guide, and it is with hesitation that we protract these remarks. For in proportion as we descend to details, we approximate to uncertainty. Yet, as he that hath a dream is permitted to tell his dream, it may not be improper to offer an opinion. It is probable, then, that the mind in its state of disengagement from the body will take a wide range as well as a vigorous hold on every subject which may be presented, and think and feel with an intensity of which we present we can form no just conception. We have much reason to think that unremitting activity is natural to spirits, and that whenever they are otherwise it must be imputed to some countering principle.—The mind, in itself considered, is capable of acting with wonderful energy, and would, but for this resisting principle in the body. When God would exhibit the folly of Israel in trusting to Egyptian horses, he reminded the people that the horses were flesh, and not spirit. And when he would destroy 185,000 Assyrians at once, he sent an individual angel, and not a host of them to perform the immense slaughter. Whenever the mind is exercised as a sentinel, and lifting its warning voice, cries, beware how you push your researches beyond the strength of your weaker companion—it lifts its iron voice like the Miller to the adventurous Fuller, "Keep back, keep back;" and when the mind inhabits a morbid body, the voice becomes stentorian. The soul in such a case is crowded to an awful precipice; and, alas! for the soul that should become reckless, and disregard the friendly monitor; it would probably become unhinged, and pay dearly for its temerity. It is of course then, that the putting off this mortality, is like striking off the fetters

of the prisoner, and uncaging the feathered tribe; enabling the soul to act untrammeled, and to expire delightfully and fearlessly in its natural element, and congenial to its constitutional and simple state of mind.

I say *fearlessly*, for no doubt the moral affections will in this state become predominant to such a degree as to cast out fear which hath torment. Were it not for this complete ascendancy of the holy affections, the vastness, grandeur, sublimity, and endless amplification of the scenes which shall be presented to the mind, might become intolerably oppressive, even to a spirit which is still finite in its conceptions and comprehensions. But it is easy to perceive that the full play of the moral and virtuous affections will relieve it from all anxieties, and that its entire, unbound confidence in God will necessarily remove all grounds for suspicion and fear. If so, then every diligent Christian, who grows in grace and in the knowledge of Jesus Christ, is laying up treasure in heaven, on which he is heir to subsist, and doubtless, the advanced state in which he will enter heaven, will bear proportion to the assiduity with which he has treasured up grace and truth on earth.

The facility and celerity with which a spirit may be supposed to remove to immeasurable distances, may be considered as one of the delightful capabilities of the soul. The most refined substances meet with some resistance or restraint in their velocity. For instance, the emission of light from the sun requires a few moments of time to reach the earth, a distance of 96,000,000 miles. However inconceivably rapid this velocity may appear to us, it is quite possible that when *Gadot*, who stands before God, probably in the third heavens—received his commission to visit Daniel, he may have moved with celerity, which when compared with a ray of light emitted from the sun, would render the latter comparatively tardy. He informs us that he was "caused to fly swiftly," and touched Daniel about the evening oblation. By describing the time of day, instead of the week or month, it implies that he had commenced his fearful journey on the same day; and for aught we know passed planets, suns, and solar systems in as quick succession as Jehu's carriage might have passed houses and neighborhoods in a densely populated city. It is not supposed that the spirits of the just are spirits in prison; nor like a higher order of fallen, unredeemed spirits, who are under chains of darkness until the great day.—And it may not be conjecturing too much to imagine that spirits unchecked and "caused to fly swiftly," may proceed from orb to orb, and explore them, or rather the attributes of Jehovah displayed in them, with the same facility and rapidity with which a person would visit and examine the premises of his neighbour.

I close by adding, that while the contemplation of this subject is fraught with delightful prospects to the Christian, it is also fraught with terror to the impudent sinner. Roused as he then will be from his stupidity—divested of worldly interest and the pleasures of sin—under the despotic control of the unallowed passions; and couped up to contemplate with the intensity of spirits, subjects, for which he not only feels no relish, but to which he feels the strongest aversion, while the last ray of hope has become extinguished; O! it will be analogous to the worm that never dies, and the fire which is not quenched.

[For the Secretary.]

To the renewed and reflecting mind, there can be no greater pleasure, nor higher enjoyment, than to contemplate the love of God; especially that love which prompted him to open the way of salvation to condemned sinners, justly exposed to the wrath of God on account of their transgression—that love which caused his Son to leave the "bosom of the Father," and the blissful abodes of the celestial spirits, and to subject himself to suffering in a world of sin and death, and finally to the shameful death of the cross by the hands of wicked men, that he might save the world from everlasting destruction, and might enable multitudes to participate in the joys of heaven, and rescue them from the *inevitable* miseries of the second death—that he might heal the wounds made by sin, and display the unbounded mercies of the Father, and save rebellious man from the woes of hell.

This onexampled love is displayed in the redemption of man; and is peculiarly calculated to call forth the noble feelings of the soul, to awake all our drowsy powers and encourage us to abound in the work of the Lord. This love has been gloriously displayed in our salvation, and ought to animate us to more vigorous efforts to labor in the vineyard of the Lord, and to glorify our God. It ought to strengthen the bonds of brotherhood, and to unite all his professed followers in the strongest union.

But what discord! what divisions! what contentions exist between the various sects of Christians!—How little is God glorified thereby—how much dishonored!—To a beholder who may feel disinterested, how do they appear—how little inviting—how little encouraging to him to seek to become one of the number of the followers of Christ!—And is it not true of us, my brethren,—who are unjustly accused in many instances of an unwillingness to unite with those who are laboring in the same field and professedly for the same object,—that we give occasion in some things, to be charged with illiberty? We are considered illiberal in our practice respecting the ordinance of the Supper. It is styled by others the "close communion" of the Baptists, which has without any just reason been spoken against by some, for which we are not in fault, as the practice of primitive Christians, as well as the Scripturite themselves, furnish sufficient reasons for not receiving those who are not *baptized* to the ordinance of the Supper.

But when we reject those of other evangelical denominations, who, we know, are baptized, and in some instances by our own pastors, do we not give some occasion to be censured? Are we not differing about mere speculations and hypotheses, which if followed in every point of *simple belief*, would prevent many of our own churches from communing together?

The only reasons that I know for shutting them from the communion are, 1st. *That they commune with, and consequently fellowship those who are sprinkled.* 2d. *That they are baptized by undiscerned persons, and therefore their baptism is not valid.* 3d. *That the administrators were not authorized to baptize, and consequently they remain as though not baptized at all.* 4th. *That they are not members of THE GOSPEL CHURCH, and therefore not qualified for the ordinance.* If there are any other reasons why we should *debar* baptism, then from our communion, I am unacquainted with them. These reasons demand serious consideration—for they keep many from our communion who would join with us in the celebration of the death and sufferings of Jesus Christ—at least it would be one step towards unity, which ought to be cherished among Christians. In considering the first of these reasons, I have only to say that our denomination are universally agreed that faith, repentance and baptism are prerequisite to communion; and that those who believe, and are baptized (among us) are qualified for the communion: and that too, even though they may have imbibed some errors in *sentiment*, which do not affect the salvation of the soul;

—now they believe that sprinkling is right, or perhaps that sprinkling is baptism—a mistake indeed!—we do not; therefore it is *belief* only, but not the *practice* that separates us, for they are *baptized*, and therefore ought to be admitted to the communion.—

In answer to the second, I say, that this is sometimes undoubtedly the case, but admitting this as an objection—do we not question the validity of Christ's baptism? Or was John baptized? if so, by whom? For John declared to Christ when he came to be baptized, that he (John) had need to be baptized of him. But there can be no reason for preventing those, who have been baptized by our own elders. In respect to the third, is there any one who feels compelled to assume and defend the ground that the *Baptist Church* is the only *true* Gospel church now existing?—if there be any, I have only to say to them, that the Roman Catholics take the *same* ground, and are even *more strenuous* than ye—And who can show conclusively from the scriptures, that *church-membership* is a necessary qualification for the communicant? Would not Philip have communicated with the eunuch if an opportunity had presented? And was the eunuch a member of any church?

Some notice ought to be given in the Secretary, respecting the sub-Depositories of the Connecticut General Tract Society. It is there stated that the parent Society was organized in July, 1824. It was formed in Washington city, on Wednesday evening, February 25th, 1824. It is said that the number of Tracts in our regular series is 39: it should be 139, besides six occasional Tracts, one in the German language, and several bound volumes.

Since I had the pleasure of attending your meeting, we have issued another Tract, which makes the present number, in our regular series, 140. The Tract which we shall have ready for distribution to day, contains the substance of Mrs. Wade's address to the ladies of the Baptist Churches in Philadelphia. I trust it will be acceptable to our friends, and highly useful in promoting the cause of missions.

Some notice ought to be given in the Secretary, respecting the sub-Depositories of the Connecticut General Tract Society, that the churches may know where to apply for Tracts. One of them is established at Norwich City—br. George Byrne, agent: the other at New Haven, brother Gideon M. Buckingham, agent. It is earnestly hoped that the several county agents will promptly attend to the duties assigned to them, to form auxiliary societies, appoint sub-agents, obtain subscribers for the Tract Magazine, and report their doings to brother John Wing, Jr. Agent of the General Depository in Hartford.

Respectfully yours, in Christian bonds,

For the Christian Secretary.

Philadelphia, July 22, 1834.

DEAR BROTHER,

Permit me to correct a few mistakes in an article in your paper of the 19th inst. respecting the annual meeting of the Connecticut branch of the Baptist General Tract Society. It is there stated that the parent Society was organized in July, 1824. It was formed in Washington city, on Wednesday evening, February 25th, 1824. It is said that the number of Tracts in our regular series is 39: it should be 139, besides six occasional Tracts, one in the German language, and several bound volumes.

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Respectfully yours, in Christian bonds,

I. M. ALLEN, Agent Gen. Gen. Tract Society.

WATERVILLE, O-

CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

way down his manly cheeks, "I am a different man from what you saw me yesterday." He went on to say, I have had a hope nineteen years, but since that time I have tried to believe that all men will be saved, but I must now come out. I want to be baptized. I renounce my former belief, and am determined to lead a new life." He related his experience before the Church, was received, and in company with his wife and others, was baptized the same day. It was a heavenly season. His wife coming out, was the means of the renewal of his hopes, and his doing his duty. Let other females do the same, and we may expect the same effects to follow.

Yours, in much esteem,

W. L. CRANE.

A. M. BEEBE.

A letter in the Boston Recorder, dated at Batavia, Island of Java, Feb. 8, 1834, says:

"We have heard, though not from official accounts, that there has been a great persecution and massacre of the Papist population, by the Pagans at Siam. We did not hear the report, thinking it arose from the massacres in Cochinchina. If it is true, it may be well that the designs of the brethren have been frustrated. And at all events, we say it is well; for 'there is no mistake in the government of God.'

The friends of our missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, at Bangkok, will be anxious until they receive further intelligence from that metropolis.—*Zion's Advocate*.

WATERVILLE COLLEGE.—The annual Commencement at Waterville College will be held on Wednesday, 30th inst.

The Inauguration of Rev. President Babcock will take place on the day preceding, at 4 o'clock, P. M.

The regular examination of candidates for admission will be Tuesday morning.—*Zion's Advocate*.

WATERSVILLE, CONN.—The Moral Reform Society was organized in Brown University, May 31st, 1834.—Members 68. The following is the second article of their constitution:

The object of this association shall be to aid by all means which shall be deemed right and expedient, in the prevention of licentiousness, and to concur in all proper measures for the purpose of reclaiming its unhappy victims.—ib.

CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

HARTFORD, JULY 26, 1834.

Since last week, we have concluded that if every pastor, and others interested in leading at the monthly meetings of prayer, will keep files of the Secretary, marking weekly, what they think proper for the occasion, they will be always furnished, and to their own liking. To them, therefore, this service is confided; for we cannot consent to keep back revival accounts four weeks, for the sake of filling one paper with them.

NOTICE.

The Connecticut Branch of the Baptist General Tract Society, at its annual meeting in June, established a Tract Depository at Norwich City, whereof brother George Byrne is agent. A similar Depository was established at New Haven, and brother Gideon M. Buckingham was appointed agent. At these Depositories may be had all the Tracts issued by the Society. It is earnestly recommended to the churches to give immediate and efficient attention to the subject of Tract distribution.

TRACT SOCIETY.

The statements in our account of brother Allen's remarks at the annual meeting were taken from the records furnished by the Secretary of the auxiliary Society; such of them as were incorrect are now corrected by br. Allen, as will be seen by his letter in this paper. No report of the doings was furnished us till long after the annual meeting. We assure the General Agent that our heart is with him in his noble object, and that it is considered amongst the primary objects of the Chr. Secretary to aid efficiently the Tract cause. For this reason we have endeavored not to neglect noticing the new publications of the General Society.

Mistake Corrected.—We are requested to state, that the examination of the students at Suffield, will take place on the 29th of July, instead of the 27th, as stated in the notice, last week; and that Rev. Henry Stanwood is one of the examining committee, instead of S. S. Mallory.

Query.—"Sir, I am requested to ask you the following question—What can the destitute churches do that can raise money, but can obtain no preaching?"

The above query was addressed to the editor by a brother in Fairfield county. Our reply would be,—

1st. Let the whole church prostrate itself in humble, believing prayer to the Lord of the harvest to send forth more laborers into the harvest. In connection with these prayers, let the church aid by what means it can, those efforts which are being made for the purpose of increasing the efficiency of such men as are called of God to the ministry.

2d. Let such churches have constantly in existence a judicious organization for the reception of a minister at the shortest notice; and an active, vigilant committee of supply, who shall correspond with others, and obtain information of unsettled ministers on whom they may call.

3d. When a preacher visits them and preaches, send him not away with only this,—"The Lord reward you, brother, for your kind offices." Such kindness will not pass for 61 cents at a turnpike gate, or buy a loaf of bread.

We observe in the New York Baptist Register, a very pleasant account of the ceremony of laying a stone at each corner, for a foundation of a new Baptist meeting house in some village. The letter is from brother Burdick. Now we are always delighted with such little stories of Zion's prosperity, but want to know where, as well as when it was. We don't know where brother Burdick lives, and the village is not named: so we remain in the dark.

State Prison Monopoly.—Much uneasiness and indignation are said to exist among certain classes of mechanics in New York, occasioned by the introduction and sale at under prices, of articles manufactured by the convicts at Sing Sing Penitentiary. Such a policy detracts much from the ordinary encouragement to honest industry.

STATE HONORS CONFERRED UPON MINISTERS.

To those ministers of the gospel who have the honorary degree of D. D., and to them alone, do we owe an apology for giving currency to the following remarks of our correspondent. We wish to assure all concerned, that no feelings but those of unalloyed affection exist toward our brethren who are thus honored. It is a practice, and not men, which is objected to, and it is fondly hoped that we may not be thought fastidious for adopting as our own, the opinions given below. We do believe them based upon the Bible; that the honor conferred and received is forbidden by the word of God, and therefore feel in duty bound to add our voice to those who have heretofore borne their testimony.

With literary degrees, merely, such as A. B., A. M., or LL. D. we see no cause of difficulty, though conferred on ministers. It is only a *secular* honor, conferred by *secular* authority, to dignify an office *spiritual*, that is deemed *unscriptural*. We may, after all, be wholly mistaken in our views; and do not believe the many godly men by whom, or on whom the honorary degree has been conferred, and who retain it, are uniformly subject to impure motives in so doing.

And we frankly declare, that nothing of greater importance, would confer more satisfaction, than to have a Wayland, a Chaplin, a Chaplin, a Day, or a Nott, who are now, or have been Presidents of colleges, come forward with Bible in hand, and vindicate themselves in conferring the degree, and their brethren in accepting it; or to hear that the Faculty of

And annex a D. D. to the name of every ordained minister. If teacher simply, and not honor and distinction are intended by those who confer the title, they will freely accord to the whole corps their proper rights; but if the Rev. President D. D. finds fault, their real views will stand exposed.

2 COR. XI. 3.

The Crops of the Season.—It affords a subject of gratification to the Father of mercies, that accounts from all parts of the country announce the general abundance and good quality of crops, so far as they are maturated, and promise of an abundant latter harvest of others yet growing.

EDUCATION IN BERMUDA.

Extract of a letter from Mrs. Holt, to her friend Mrs. B—

St. George, Bermuda.

I snatch a few minutes, my dear madam, to tell you that we have formed a Free School Society for St. George. Our treasurer is Mr. Richard M. Higgins, a merchant of St. George, to whom any remittances of money or books for the free school may be made.

I am in treaty for a large room and a teacher. I feel confident that the friends of the colored race in the United States will make up what may be lacking in the amount we raise here for the salary of the teacher.

I am forming an infant class in the school of a very intelligent colored woman; we have not funds to form a separate school for infants. Our great concern for the evening school is to take in the boys and men—We have two objects in view in that; first, to teach them what is useful; secondly, to keep them out of the grog shops and gambling houses. The teacher I have in view is a white man, who has taught several years; he will keep a day school also.

The infant school grammar is so much liked, that one of the officers' wives begged me to let her have two of those you sent, and she sends money to purchase two more. She teaches her sons from them.

We want a few of the first books in geography and arithmetic. What things are sent must be valued in New-York, and an invoice sent with them in order to ascertain the duty, which is 32 1/2 per cent."

Since the last acknowledgment, Mrs. B. has received,

From Montreal, \$5.00
" Mrs. Holt of this city 50
" Post mark Newburgh, 1.00
" A friend of Colonization, 50.00

Add amount before acknowledged, 56.50
Make a total of 106.00

Which has been remitted to Mrs. Holt through Messrs. Tucker and Lauries of this city.

Mrs. Bethune, 147 Hudson-street will continue to receive cash for the above objects. Other articles may be sent, as formerly, to Messrs. Tucker & Lauries, Exchange Place.

Paprs friendly to educating the colored race will please give the above an insertion.—*N. Y. Observer*.

The information contained in the above article will not fail to cheer every sincere friend of man. Mrs. Holt is peculiarly favoured in that the field of her benevolence lies beyond the compass of Connecticut legislation.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

There are now (1833) five bishops in the Methodist Episcopal Church, who are constantly travelling over our whole extent of country—preaching the gospel, attending the several conferences, ordaining ministers, and taking the general oversight of the whole work.

In the United States there are at present, annual conferences, 22.

Travelling preachers, 2,230
White members, 489,983
Colored, 74,447
Indian, 2,838

Total preachers and church members, 567,268
Increase this year, (1833), 46,720

The Methodist Episcopal Church has not been indifferent to the benevolent enterprises of the day, but has done much, and now has the prospect of doing more for the promotion of the general objects that cross the attention of the Christian world.

In 1819, the *Missionary Society* of the Methodist Episcopal Church was organized. There are now (1833) employed under the patronage of this Society 100 missionaries, who have the charge, as nearly as can be ascertained, of 11,886 church members, and 2,000,000 persons, preach to five times this number of people. Two missionaries are now in Liberia (Africa) and two are sent to the Flat Head Indians, beyond the Rocky Mountains. The funds of the Society have greatly increased during the past year. The receipts were \$21,361.39, being an increase of \$18,603.10 over that of the previous year.

The church has also a *Bible, Tract, and Sunday School Society*, and every department is in successful operation.

The subject of *Temperance* is regarded by the church as a matter of vital importance to its spiritual interests.

There are many conference and church temperance societies formed; and both preachers and people are deeply engaged in doing all in their power to promote the great objects of the temperance cause.

Literature has not been overlooked by this church, but has always received the attention that could be possibly spared from the more important work of saving souls. There are at present 5 colleges, and 12 or more academies under its particular patronage. These are all under good discipline, and are exerting an influence not only favorable to literature, but favorable also to morals and religion.—*Zion's Herald*.

Wolf the Missionary.—Malta, April 29.—Mr. Wolff, the Missionary, is just arrived here, after undergoing the most unprecedented hardships; he was robbed in Nubia, and taken together with his servant, to the slave-market to be sold. His servant fetched a high price, but he went very low; he says the ladies interested themselves in getting him off.—*Boston Rec.*

History of the Protestant Reformation in England and Ireland. By WILLIAM CORBETT, M. P. Vol. II. To which is now added, Three Letters by the same author, never before published in the United States. New York, published by John Doyle. Stereotyped by Conner and Cooke.

CORBETT is a clever but profane writer, and a great favorite with the Romanists. It is curious to see the Deist and the priest of the Church of Rome pull, and pull in the same harness, but yet the same way.

The author writes the Bible as an enemy, the other disengages it as a rival; striving to exalt himself above it. Both deal in ribaldry against the clergy of the Reformed Church, whom he contemptuously styles the "persons."

Both hate the Reformation, and both teach "that the printing and publishing of the Bible has done a great deal of mischief in the world." Cobbett writes a letter to his Holiness, Pope Pius VIII., and his Holiness "expressed his wonder that the Catholics did not cause him to be a member of Parliament!" So much for the affinities of Romanism and Deism. *Similis simili, &c.; like courts its like.*—*Churchmen.*

MARRIED.

In this city, by Rev. M. H. Smith, Mr. Leonard Daniels to Miss Sophronia Bradley.

At Bridgeport, on the 15th inst., Mr. Eli Gilman,

of this city, to Miss Martha el Smith.

At Palmer Mass., on the 15th inst., Mr. John W. Bull, merchant, of this city, to Miss Mary A., daughter of Dr. Aaron King, of the former place.

At New Britain, by Rev. A. D. Watrous, Mr. Wm. Payne, to Miss Julia A. Thorp.

DIED.

In this town, Mrs. Chloe Edgerton, aged 57.

At Hamden, on the 15th inst., Mr. Asa Churchill,

aged 54.

At Springfield, (Chicopee) Ms., Mrs. Lois Bement,

relict of Mr. Jonathan Bement, aged 96.

At Salem, Mass., Mrs. Almira Fitch Vilus, aged 35,

relict of Rev. Samuel Vilus, formerly pastor of the Baptist church in Shrewsbury.

At Bellair, (Md.) on the 4th inst., in the 25th

year of his age, Mr. Samuel J. Mills, son of Daniel Mills, deceased, of Colebrook, Conn.

At Saratoga Springs, Mr. Charles R. Webster, of Albany, in the 72nd year of his age. He had been ill of a glandular affection, for several weeks, but was not supposed to be in immediate danger. Only a few minutes before his death, he was walking about his room.

At his residence in Schodak, Rensselaer co., N. Y., Edmund C. Genet, Esq. He was ill but two days.

Mr. Genet was sent to this country as the first Minister Plenipotentiary by the French Republic, and was accredited by Gen. Washington, the President of the United States. Citizen Genet, as he was then called, was young, and made zealous efforts to enlist our government in the interest of France. The proclamation of neutrality was issued by the President, whereupon the young Frenchman became much heated, and attempted to fit out armed vessels from Philadelphia. Being thwarted in this, his recall was demanded by Washington, and was effected. He however married in this country, and here spent his days in retirement.

In London, at an advanced age, Sophia, widow of the late Rev. Samuel Bradburn. Mrs. B. the first Sunday School teacher, was interred in the burial ground attached to the Wesleyan chapel, and according to her request, was attended by a number of Sunday School children to her grave. Nearly fifty of the older scholars of Badminton-street Sunday School under the Superintendence of Mr. J. W. Gabriel and Mr. Williams, met at the Liverpool Road Chapel, and having eventually joined the funeral procession, walked two by two before the hearse. The body was then carried into the chapel, where the Rev. Messrs. Oakes and Jackson read the desk service and after another hymn, the Rev. Theophilus Lassey concluded with a third hymn.

It was Mrs. Bradburn who first mentioned to the late Robert Raikes, the subject of Sabbath Schools.

She went with him through the courts and alleys of Gloucester to collect the children of the poor, though strenuously opposed by the clergy and others.

At the establishment of his first school, Mrs. Bradburn, (then Mrs. Sophia Cooke) first enrolled her name, and was therefore the first Sunday School Teacher."

The foregoing arrangements were made to pay an appropriate tribute to her character, and had a very interesting and solemn effect.—*London Morn. Chron.*

NOTICE.

THE public examination of the Students in the Conn. Bap. Lit. Institution, will take place on Tuesday, July 29, to commence at 9 o'clock A. M. After which there will be a vacation of three weeks.

J. COOKSON, Standing Committee.

G. PHIPPEN, Examining Committee.

N. B. The Board of Trustees of the Institution will meet at the house of the Rev. Harvey Ball, on Tuesday, July 29, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

G. PHIPPEN, Sec'y.

Suffield, July 15, 1834.

NOTICE.

SIX months are limited and allowed by the honorable Court of Probate, for the District of Hebron, for the creditors of the estate of Betsey Ann Barber, late of Hebron, deceased, to exhibit their claims against said estate to the subscriber.

HORACE J. JONES, Administrator.

Hebron, July 15, 1834.

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NOTICE.

CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

POETRY.

For the Secretary.
THE BLOOMS OF EARTH.

The flowers of Earth that charm us so,
Its joys, and wealth, and fame,
Although they may luxuriant grow,
No excellence can claim.

But yet how often 'tis that we
Employ life's summer's day
In gathering—and admiring, see
Them withering away.

While flowers Divine, that ever last,
As Faith, and Hope, and Love,
Are slighted, till the season's past,
Which thus we misimprove.

Hartford, July 21, 1834.

C. G.

THE DEPARTED.

O, sacred Star of Evening! tell
In what unseen, celestial sphere,
The spirits of the perfect dwell,
Too pure to rest in sadness here.
Roam they the crystal fields of light,
O'er paths by feet of angels trod;
Their robes with heavenly splendor bright;
Their home, the paradise of God?

Soul of the just! and canst thou soar
Amidst the radiant orbs sublime,
When life's delusive scene is o'er,
And all the griefs of changeful time?
And canst thou join the blissful choir,
Thro' heaven's high dome the song to raise,
When seraphs strike the golden lyre,
In ever-during notes of praise?

O, who would heed the chilling blast,
That blows o'er life's eventful sea,
If doom'd to hail—its perils past,
The bright wave of eternity?
And who the sorrows would not bear
Of such a fleeting world as this,
When faith displays beyond its care,
So bright an entrance into bliss?

Mrs. ROBB.

From the Western Christian Advocate.
INDIAN CAPTIVITY.

A true narrative of the Capture of the Rev. O. M. Spencer, by the Indians, in the neighborhood of Cincinnati, written by himself at the request of the Editor.

[CONTINUED.]

Crossing the road a short distance, we stopped a few minutes on the hill's side; the Indians casting their keen glances around them, and listening intently as if hearing some sound indicative of danger; then apparently satisfied that they were undiscovered, resumed their retreat, and quickly gaining the top of the hill, ran off in a northerly direction, at the height of my speed, one of them still holding me by my hand, the other following with his uplifted tomahawk.

Having run, as I judged, about four miles, disengaging my feet bare, (for I had soon after leaving Cincinnati, thrown my shoes into the canoe,) my conductor, whom I now regarded as my master, supplied me with a pair of moccasons, and seemed much pleased when in return for them I gave him my pocket handkerchief, which he took as a mark of gratitude. To the other Indian, who had now put his tomahawk in his belt, fearing I might have excited his jealousy, I presented my hat, which at first, as worthless, he dashed on the ground; then instantly picking it up, thinking, no doubt, it might direct pursuit, carried it in his hand until evening, when he burned it. Relaxing our speed, (although the long strides of the Indians kept me in a continual trot,) and still pursuing a northerly course, about an hour before sunset, descending a high hill, we reached a small stream running in a westerly direction, and which I have since believed to be the rivulet and hill adjoining Sharon. Entering this stream, we waded up it about half a mile, the leading Indian directing me to step in his track, while the other followed treading in mine, then leaving it and travelling about a mile farther north, encamped at sunset on a low point of thick underwood, near a rivulet. Here, while one Indian kindled a fire, the other went in pursuit of game, and soon returning with a raccoon which he had killed with his rifle, proceeded to dress it, by singeing off the hair, then dividing it, broiling it on the fire. The Indians ate voraciously, but being exceedingly weary, I could eat very little; besides, I had just witnessed a most sickening scene, calculated for a time to destroy all relish for food. While my captor was dressing the raccoon for supper, I had seen the other Indian, whom I shall now call by his name, Wawpawmawquaw, or White Loon, drawing from its sheath his large brass handled knife, and cutting off the limb of a small grub near the body, take from his bullet-pouch the black scalp recently torn from the head of the unfortunate white man, and cutting a small hole near its edge, and hanging it on the stump of the severed limb, deliberately and carefully scrape off the thick fat; then forming a small hoop about six inches in diameter with a thread of deer's sinew, stretch the scalp within it, as if he had been preparing to dry the skin of an animal. Having finished their meal, the Indians prepared for rest; first tying the middle of a cord around my neck, and extending its ends around my wrists separately, they spread a blanket on the ground and ordered me to lie down; then lying down on each side of me, passing the ends of the cord under their bodies, and covering themselves with the remaining blanket, soon sunk into a profound sleep.

For some time I lay ruminating on the sad events of the past day; my mind now filled with fearful apprehensions of the future, and now "stung with thought of home," to which I feared I should never return. Here, as I thought of my beloved parents and affectionate sisters, and felt for the moment that I should never again behold them, tears of bitter regret flowed plentifully, and scarcely could I repress my sobs; then, as for a moment a ray of hope shone through the gloom, my soul became more tranquil, and I began to revolve in my mind the means and the probabilities of escape: overcome at length with fatigue, in deep sleep I soon forgot all my sorrows.

To me it has ever seemed almost incredible, that Mrs. Coleman, after jumping out of the canoe into the river, should have floated quite down to Cincinnati, and there being taken out of the water, have communicated the bloody events of that day, and the news of my captivity; but the fact has been often declared by herself, and asserted by others of undoubted veracity, some of whom it is said had aided in saving her. I have been told, however, that the first news of my captivity was communicated by Mr. Light, who, on seeing the Indians retreat, swam to the shore, and making the best of his way to Fort Washington, reported the fact. The commanding officer immediately dispatched an express

to my father, announcing the painful occurrence, and proposing to send out a small force of regulars. While the news was spreading, a number of the inhabitants of Columbia soon assembled, prepared and anxious to pursue the Indians; but my father, apprehending that finding themselves pursued, and unable to carry me off, the Indians would instantly kill me, returned by the express a request that no troops should be sent after them; then with some difficulty dissuading his neighbors from their proposed pursuit, obtained their promise that they would proceed no farther than the spot where the dead man still lay, and where I was taken prisoner. To describe the feelings of my parents when the news of my captivity reached them, would for me be impossible. To be bereaved of an only son, and the youngest of a once numerous family, of whom but six were living, would, by death, under ordinary circumstances, have been a severe affliction. Had I been found dead, inhumanly scalped and mangled on the beach, by the side of my unfortunate companion, the shock, though powerful, would have gradually subsided, and the violence of grief would with time have abated; but that I should be carried away captive by the Indians, the cruel, barbarous savages, was to my parents, and especially to my mother, almost insupportable. Often when she thought of me, she fancied she saw me fainting with fatigue, or famishing with hunger, or pining with disease; and sometimes her terrified imagination represented me falling by the knife, or sinking under the stroke of the tomahawk, or expiring at the stake in the flames, under the most cruel tortures. Nor was she relieved from these distressing apprehensions, and this painful state of suspense, until some time in November following my captivity, when certain information was received from the commanding officer at Post Vincennes, that I was then living, and had been seen at the Indian village near the mouth of the Ohio, only a few weeks before, by the late Capt. Wells, (Indian agent, who was killed by the Indians at the capture of Chicago in the late war with Great Britain,) then a prisoner at large among the Indians.

With the dawn of the morning of the 8th of July, the Indians awoke, and untying the cord with which I was bound, we all arose. Our scanty breakfast was soon made from the remains of the raccoon which had furnished our supper; our baggage, consisting of two blankets, a bridle, a cord, and a scalp, was shouldered, the priming of the rifles was examined, and before the sun arose, we were marching in single file, my master in front, myself in the centre, and the White Loon bringing up the rear, in the direct course of the Shawnee villages. The morning of this day was very pleasant; the sky was clear, and the air balmy and refreshing; the ground less broken and hilly was covered with verdure: the tall woods through which we passed were beautiful, and but for the condition in which I was, a captive, whose every step bore him farther from friends and home, I should have been delighted. As it was, however, my mind by degrees became more cheerful, and my spirits began to resume their native elasticity. About noon this day, passing along the east side of a hill, beyond which there appeared to be a large opening, the Indians moved cautiously, half bent, and with trailed rifles. Proceeding about half a mile, we halted in a deep ravine; when White Loon, taking the bridle and pursuing a westerly course down the hollow, soon disappeared. In about ten minutes, however, he returned, mounted on a fine cream-colored horse which he had just stolen, and taking me up behind him, trotted off several miles, the other Indian following, until, coming to a thick undergrowth, we склонили our pace into a brisk walk. Here we found a faint trace, which, pursuing a few miles, led us into a plain path, which I afterwards learned was the Indians' war path.

The Indians seemed highly pleased with their acquisition, riding by turns the spirited animal, and occasionally taking me behind them, greatly relieved me from fatigue. But, alas! how uncertain are the comforts of this world! About the middle of the afternoon, the horse suddenly became dull, and seemingly sulken, so that with difficulty he could be urged forward. At length he stopped short, when in vain did the White Loon, on foot, apply the lickerick; the horse only stood and kicked. In vain did the other Indian, dismounting, endeavor to lead him forward; he would proceed no farther. He had been severely attacked with either bows or clubs, and now lying suddenly down, began to roll and groan, sometimes struggling with every limb, and sometimes dashing his head against the ground. The Indians stood over him, now beating him severely, and now talking to him in Indian, as if exhorting him, c. threatening him with vengeance in case of his remaining stubborn; at length my master, seizing his rifle as if to shoot him, began in broken English to curse him, and after loading the poor animal with all the opprobrious epithets he could think of, left him lying in the path. We encamped this evening about sunset in a low rich bottom, near a beautiful stream; where, having made a fire, and roasted part of a young fawn which White Loon a few minutes before had killed, we ate a very hearty supper, though without salt or bread, neither of which did we taste till we arrived at the Indian villages. After supper, taking a small piece of tobacco, and cutting it fine by passing the edge of his knife between his fore finger and thumb, receiving it as thus prepared into the palm of his left hand, the White Loon, with great solemnity and apparent devotion, sprinkled a few grains of it on the coals, an offering, as I afterwards understood, to the Great Spirit, moving his lips as if uttering some petition; then mingling the residue with some dried sumach leaves which he drew from his bullet pouch, and filling the bowl of his tomahawk serving as a pipe, first smoked a few whiffs, then handed the pipe to his companion, who also smoking a few moments, returned it; the Indians thus alternately puffing until the tobacco was consumed, frequently filling their mouths with smoke, and forcing it through their nostrils, closing their brief use of the pipe with a peculiar suck of the breath, and slight grinding of the teeth. The day had been remarkably fine; we had travelled with short intermissions from early dawn until sunset a distance of at least forty miles; and very weary, myself at least, we lay down before our fire, under a spreading beech, and soon fell into a profound sleep.

But we had slept only a few hours, when we were awakened by the roar of a tremendous hurricane passing only a few rods north of us, prostrating the trees with a terrible crash, and carrying destruction in its broad track. Over our heads the thunders broke in deafening peals, and the lightning seemed a constant sheet of flame, while from the black dense cloud that was furiously sweeping eastward, it sent its vivid bolts athwart and onward, passing the storm with the rapidity of thought. I had sprung from the ground, and gazing on the awful scene, stood motionless with terror. I feared that the "great day of God's wrath had come," and I felt that I was not "able to stand." I vowed to God that if he would spare me I would dedicate to him my future life; but alas! no sooner had the fury of the storm passed, and the thunder, now distant, ceased to terrify me, than my vows to God were forgotten, and the thoughts of the great white throne were banished. Expecting every moment to perish, I had stood for some minutes unconscious of the presence of a human being; but my terror a little subsiding, looking at the Indians who were standing

near me, I saw them perfectly calm, apparently insensible of danger, gazing with a sort of delighted wonder; and frequently as from the dense cloud shot some more vivid bolt with more deafening peal, expressing their admiration with their customary exclamation, Wawhaugh! waugh! On the morning of the 9th, the sun arose brightly above the cloudless horizon, and shone upon a sky as clear and beautiful as it had never been darkened by clouds, or torn by tempests; and but for the bent tree tops above us, the fallen branches around us, and the wide spread devastation before us, one would scarcely have believed that in the heavens now so bright and tranquil, desolation and terror had so lately held their empire.

Breakfasting early, we pursued our journey; but our progress for the first half hour was slow and very difficult, having sometimes to climb over the large bodies of the fallen trees, or to wind around their uprooted roots; and sometimes to creep through their tops interwoven with the underwood. One who has never seen the effects of a tornado can have but a faint idea of its power and operation. Here for at least a quarter of a mile in width, and many miles in length, not a tree had been able to withstand its force: not only were the largest trees torn up by the roots, but many, one, and even two feet in diameter, were twisted off; some near the ground, and others ten or twenty feet from it apparently with as much ease as a man would break off a slender twig. Passing at length the fallen trees, and travelling on a few hours, on hearing the sound of a bell we halted not far from a small opening on our left. Here Wawpawmawquaw left us, again taking a westerly direction, and in about half an hour returned with an old black horse, probably a pack horse belonging to the army, that had given out and afterward strayed off. Suspended from his neck by a broad leather strap, was a large bell, which was now studded with brass to prevent its tinkling. This horse, so very far inferior to the one we had lost, was esteemed a valuable acquisition, particularly by me; for my feet had now become sore from walking, and I was delighted with the opportunity of relief which riding afforded. Mounted upon the old horse, a natural pacer, I now rode very pleasantly, enjoying the comfort thus accidentally afforded me without interruption; for the Indians seemed not at all disposed to share it with me. Having halted at noon and taken some refreshment, we travelled on till about six o'clock, when passing along the side of a ridge into a low bottom, we stopped on the south bank of a beautiful stream, (which I have since been told by the White Loon is Buck Creek) in the edge of a grove covering both banks of the stream, skirting on one side a small natural meadow of a few acres, and on the other, a large prairie extending a mile or two north and west. Here, determined to remain until the next day, the Indians proceeded to hopple the horse, and unsaddling his bell, turned him out to graze. Next intending to secure me, they ordered me to sit down with my back against a small tree; then taking their cord, tying it first to the tree, passing it around my neck, and then with a knot around my wrists separately, extending my arms obliquely on each side, they fastened one end of it to a stake driven into the ground, and the other to a root in the bank of the stream; then placing a large piece of bark over me to shelter me from the sun, went out to hunt. Being left alone, I spent the afternoon, and attended military worship in the old Saxon style; it has one large and imposing street, called "Broad Way," running parallel with the river; but in all the other parts of the town the streets are narrow and irregular. I spent the Sabbath here, and attended military worship with between two and three thousand soldiers in the Dome Church. This church, one of the most celebrated in Germany, was commenced, I believe, about the twelfth century; and though it has cost millions, it is yet unfinished. I had seen several fine specimens of architecture, which I could easily regard as classical, and which gave me an admiration of the art. But in this August dome I had neither time nor inclination to think of the skill of the artist. The impression was upon my heart, and I seemed for a moment to be a creature of feeling only. It was like being borne insensibly away by the inspiration of eloquence or poetry; and I found it impossible, without much effort, to examine it coolly as a work of art. The nave and aisles were so long, the arches so lofty, and the whole so simple and grand, that I could only think of a mind of immortal powers striving through this medium to express the greatness of its conceptions. The architecture of a people expresses their character nearly as much as their language or their customs. Perhaps nothing will show the peculiar practical character of the Americans better than contrasting them with a nation still bearing the stamp of feudal times. The same principle of practical utility pervades more or less all the forms of our architecture. But the sentimental character of the Germans, when inflamed on the one hand by the spirit of chivalry, and on the other by the mysteries of a catholic faith, embodied itself in the loftiness, slender proportions, and immensity of Gothic architecture. When looking at this simple and superb structure, and comparing it with what we are accustomed to call Gothic, I was reminded of the impressions which one has when he compares the Roman classics with the Latin or modern prefaces and annotations. Mr. Dresbeck, the Lutheran (?) bishop of Magdeburg, and Harms, of Kiel, are said to be the most eloquent living preachers of Germany. The former was once a gross Rationalist, but at present stands nobody knows where.

On the Monday following I directed my course westward towards Brunswick. On this route there is neither a *chaussee*, nor a *schull post*. The great public roads in Germany have been very much improved within a few years. They are called *chaussees*, i.e. McAdamized roads. They are made and kept in repair by government, at great expense—in many places the rows of fruit trees planted on each side are a source of some considerable revenue. The public stage coaches and the mail are both government establishments. Baggage, and packages of all descriptions, may be sent, and very cheap too, with as much security as letters by mail with us. Each passenger, on paying his fare, receives a certificate, on the back of which are printed rules, by which the whole concern is regulated. To avoid all possibility of confusion, they even go so far as to have the postillion, at the end of his route, mount one horse and take them all back, without the coach, to their own stable at the place from which they started. There are two kinds of conveyance, the *Schnell post*, and the *Fahr post*, the one taking more baggage, and travelling more slowly than the other. But the carriages of both are well made, and covered and cushioned, only the one has more seats, the other a larger case for the baggage. Each coach has a postillion, who rides on the "near" wheel horse, and an overseer, or agent. As the road was very bad, we had six horses and two postillions mounted. The scenery between Magdeburg and Helmstedt was much like that which surrounded me when I was in the middle of the Atlantic. The soil is good; but the country is a dead level, and from the fact that the cultivators of the soil for many miles around collect into large filthy villages, has the appearance of being desolate. The traveler feels reluctant to believe he is in his own world, or to greet the ragged, filthy beings, whom he meets, as his fellow men. Before reaching Helmstedt, I could see the snowy summits of the Hartz lying more than forty miles to the south. These mountains, and the Saxon Switzerland, a few miles to the south of Dresden, present the most picturesque and imposing scenery to be found in Germany.—Helmstedt lies between Magdeburg and Brunswick, thirty miles from the former, and twenty from the latter. Here we soon perceive that we are no longer among Saxons, but among people of different origin. Leipzig, Halle, Wittemberg, and Magdeburg, though differing greatly in their external appearance, have yet a national uniformity of style and manner, upon which the new political divisions of Germany have no influence. But the towns belonging to Hanover and Brunswick are easily distinguished from those of Saxony (as it was) by their many peculiarities. Nor is this owing wholly to English influence. The streets are much more spacious, and are provided with side walks. In all the cities which I had seen before, the houses fronted the street, and from two to four rows of windows rising above each other could be seen peeping out of the roofs. But here the ends of the houses generally stand towards the street, and every story juts out a little farther than the one beneath, with some little ornamental work like the border of a papered room, and the roof projects out beyond them all. In

(From the Baptist Register.)
LETTERS FROM EUROPE. No. VI.
FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT IN GERMANY.

LEIPSIC, April, 1834.

Scarcely had I taken up my residence in this place, when I received a request from friends in Hamburg to visit them for the purpose of baptizing them, and constituting a church. The distance is about two hundred miles. As I had come through Ludwigsburg, Berlin, Wittemberg, and Halle, from Hamburg to Leipsic, I concluded, in order to see as much of the country as possible, to take another road, and to return by another still. My course was through Halle, Magdeburg, Helmstedt, Brunswick, and Celle. As I had resided in Halle more than six months, nothing new was presented to my eye, till I had passed that place. From thence to Magdeburg there is a fine *chaussee*, or McAdamized road. The country offers indeed no variety of scenery, but it lies in the very heart of old Saxony, (now Prussia) and is known therefore to have the best soil in Germany. About half way, or a little more than twenty miles, we came to Bernburg, a principality occupying scarcely the space of a mathematical point, dotted with another color the map of Prussia.

Brunswick, capital of a duchy of the same name, is an old, but pleasant town, of about 40,000 inhabitants.

The Oker, which here divides into several branches, runs both sides of the city, and on its banks are the most enchanting promenades. These walks with gently sloping hillocks, are a great relief to the eye than has rested on nothing but interminable plains.

On the east side there is an extensive park,

and on the south a cast iron monument, perhaps 30 feet high, erected in honor of the Duke of Brunswick, William Ferdinand, who as commander in chief of the Prussian forces, fell in the battle of Jena, and with him his own country and that of the monarch for whom he fought. It is well known that after this, Napoleon erected Hanover, Brunswick, a part of Prussia and of Hesse, into the new kingdom of Westphalia, and placed upon its throne his young brother, Jerome. As I was walking along the east part of the city of Brunswick, and surveying the place in order to impress its scenery upon my memory, I came accidentally to a large enclosure, in which I heard the tinkling of a thousand chimes preparing stones for building, and in polishing Corinthian pillars. The men were engaged in rebuilding the palace which was destroyed in the riot of 1830. The former Duke appears to have been a Nero in miniature. He was not accustomed to live within his dominions, but to spend his time abroad, for pleasure, and thus to waste the treasures of his people. He even diminished to a frightful extent the salaries of men in public employment, in order to be able to indulge in greater excesses. He treated men of venerable old age and dignity with insulting cruelty, drove the virtuous from his councils, and surrounded himself, or rather his palace, with worthless profligates. At length the wantonness of his conduct became so insufferable, that the people rose unanimously to rid themselves of such a monster, and in one night, without the shedding of blood, drove him from the city, and destroyed his effects. Though he was the lawful prince, yet no neighboring power has interfered to restore him to his throne and he is now living as a fugitive in France. The present duke succeeded him at the age of twenty-five; and he it is that is building a palace, which if report be credited, is to be the most splendid in Europe. Thus are the people of a small territory impoverished and distressed, to gratify the foolish ambition of a gay young prince. Upon this subject the peaceable citizens speak not with pride, but with a sigh; and many a young man of revolutionary spirit occasionally uses the bitterest sarcasm, and gives dark hints respecting the future.

all the old towns of Germany, the roofs of the houses are very steep and high, and the dwellings of the common people are framed buildings, leaving intervals of two or three feet square between the timbers, which are filled with brick, and stone, and sometimes even mud. In Helmstedt I visited the old university which was extinguished by Jerome Bonaparte in 1809. Here Gescius was educated, and Hencke, the well known supporter of Rationalism, and the author of a church history, distinguished for its learning, but stained by ebullitions of violent party feeling. Here also Brodow, the celebrated historian, commenced his public career.

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